

Good 694 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Whisky is Company P.O. Walter Hall!

THE Laughing Cavalier is keep your wife company. He is still bestowing his suave smile on residents and visitors at 62, Chatsworth-crescent, East Hounslow, and he greeted us when we called on your wife, to get some news from home for you, P.O. L.T.O. Walter Hall. Mrs. Hall, who had the afternoon off from work to give us an interview, was looking extremely well, and she is, of course, longing for the time when you will be home again. Meanwhile, the Timber Yard takes up quite a bit of time, and when she gets home she is kept busy writing to you and keeping the house spick and span. There's a new kitten at 62 to

LIKE TO BE THE SQUIRE, A.B. JAMES KING?

YOUR Mother and Dad, Eileen, Jack and Ronnie were all standing round the wireless loud-speaker hanging out of the front window watching Arden Street dancing, A.B. James King, when I called there on VE-Day. Streamers and flags were hanging across the street, the kids had had their tea out in the road, fireworks were going off, and they were preparing a big bonfire for the night.

Your brother Fred is having a good trip but he just hates the heat out East, and he says the Arabs try and twist him!

Mother sends her love and says she is fattening up some nice chickens for the day you



return. By the way, here's after "her Jim." Does that mean at Arden Street looked well and a big piece of news. They have bought a pony and trap and you will be able to run around Earlston like the local squire when you get back. Edna Hughes has been asking you for a pint. Indeed, everyone talking about you.

THIS KILLER DREAMED OF EMPIRE OF CRIME

THE writer of this article is really not me. He is Abraham Faber, who went to the chair in Sing Sing just before war broke out. Faber was a killer, found guilty of murder, bank robbery and other crimes. He stepped into the death chamber easily, buoyantly, and was slapped into eternity by electric current.

But back in his cell the warders found the following story, written out by him, signed by him. There is little comment one can make on this amazing human document. Faber blamed "society" for his end, though society blamed him; and I side with society. Here is his story.

I AM no more. When you read this I shall be dead; as dead as any of those men in whose murders I participated.

As I write this in my cell I feel I am dead already. They will strap me in the chair and the switch will be thrown—and I don't know what I'll see after that.

I don't care much about life and I don't care much about death. I believe both were forced on me. You may want to know why I became a killer, why I killed with a machine-gun, I who was at one time a student in an Officers' Training Corps. It was only because my ambition turned the wrong way.

Frankly, I dreamed of an Empire of Crime. I might have founded one, and one day somebody like me may found one. I am warning society.

It was in 1933 that New England saw the rise of bandit raids and killings. Ernest Clark, the store manager of a sports goods firm, was killed in his store, shot to death. I was in that. With me were Murtin Millen and Irving Millen. They were working with me in crime.

Then the Paramount Theatre, in Lynn, Massachusetts, was broken into and about two hundred dollars were stolen. Fred Sumner, the bill man, tried to stop us. He got his, shot in his tracks. The Millens and I did that job, too.

But it was not for these that I was arrested. The cops got us after the Needham Trust Company was held up. We got about 15,000 dollars out of that bank. Frank Haddock and Forbes McCloud, two watchmen, were killed, and Timothy Coughlin was wounded. So was a bank employee. And that was the job that put the cops on our trail.

I am not squealing. But if we hadn't been bagged then there would have been

bigger things happen. Murt and Irving and I had planned a real sensation. We were going to dive into the Sub-Treasury at Washington and take what we could find. That would have caused some gabble.

But it didn't come off, for we were held for the Needham Trust affair.

We have had our trial. Murt, Irving and I. We have been

ambition. Oh, yes, I had ambitions.

And then Rose Kellar came into my life. She was a lovely girl, educated, college-bred. Maybe our friendship wasn't the emotional affairs that you would expect. But we were in love with each other. We wanted to get married. At least, I did. But where was the money to come from? I had no job then.

We both wanted to get married. One day I gave Rose a package, and told her not to open it until after we were married. She opened it after I was arrested, and found it to contain a wad of new bills. These new bills were part of the proceeds of the Needham Trust robbery.

Rose turned the wad over to the cops, and this helped to convict me. Still, I don't blame Rose. She is a good girl, God-fearing and honest, and she

Well, that's about all. I am writing this in my cell. My hair is dropping out. My skin is dry and my flesh is kind of benumbed, owing to my confinement. I see what I was and I see what I now am. It is society that has killed me. My resentment at the indifference with which I have been treated led me on and has hastened my death. If I had lived there would have been more deaths. I have been wasted because of lack of opportunity to co-operate with social human beings.

They are waiting for me now to go to the chair. I'm going, not caring much either way. . . .

That is the document that Abraham Faber left in his cell. He had just signed his name when the guards unlocked the gates and tapped him on the shoulder. He already wore his death clothes.

He was quite steady in his walk of the "last mile." A priest muttered prayers, but Faber didn't seem to be listening. He was strapped in—and in two minutes he had left the

STUART MARTIN tells the story of 25-year-old Abraham Faber who wrote an indictment of society for the jailers to find in the death cell

sentenced to death. We are going to the chair. I am only twenty-five years of age. I have lost everything—hope, youth, love all gone. In a few hours I'll be a corpse, and if there is a hereafter . . .

And why have I come to this end, I who was a student, an inventor, a clever boy? I blame society. And this is how.

I never met crime when I was a kid. I was born in a family of God-fearing folks. My father was an honest, hard-working man. My mother was very religious. She taught me things. I don't blame my parents. No.

When I was a youth I didn't smoke, swear, or get mixed up in trouble. I was busy studying to be Somebody. I followed all the rules and routine. I kept in step with life; but somehow things grated on me. I wanted to be bigger than the family had planned. I had

never could have judged that her action would have the result it had.

Well, what is my defence? I will tell you. I am the product of social problems that are all around us.

I saw rich men make their money without shame. I thought of my father, working hard, and constantly, yet not making much by his efforts. I saw smart Alects getting rich in a day or a week by methods that were no credit to them. It was the general idea to get rich as quickly as possible without bothering much how the riches came.

I saw criminals make money because they were smarter than I was. Then I realised I was smarter. I am an engineer, a scholar, an expert on aeronautical structure. I know all about mechanical affairs, Diesel engines and firearms. But I could not make money that way.

I say that society kept me from making a living—a good living, as I wanted. That is my indictment against society. It made me become a criminal to get something back out of this world, something I wanted badly.

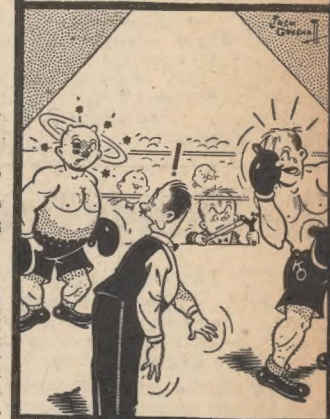
When I took to crime for a living I realised that I had no sense of doing wrong. It was the social conditions that made me feel like that and think like that. It was society that made me take to crime in that mood. It was society that made me a machine to grab what I could get.

For that also I blame society. And the result was that society, being so to blame, was very stupid.

I don't envy the men who make money by smart "business" methods. I hate society for making me what I became. I have contempt for society for its stupidity in not using me as it could have used me.

I had a good education on very little money. I had followed all the usual rules for being a success, but the social state withheld the success. So I turned against the conditions and determined to take it out of society.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Be reasonable, ref. I Naturally my kid doesn't like to see me gettin' the worst of it!"

living world he blamed for his "switch over."

There isn't much to say about Abraham Faber, twenty-five-year-old gunman, except this. He was rather a hardened criminal, who dealt death without compunction, and he was just plumb crazy for publicity. At his trial he talked much the same way as he wrote in his final letter. He wanted his picture in the newspapers.

He had no sense of being unjust to his victims. He kept blaming that vague community called "society." If he had thought a little less about his own importance he might have escaped the publicity he got—and deserved.

Within a few minutes Murt and Irving Millen joined him where he went, but they didn't get his publicity.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

They Were Married and Didn't Know It!

Conclusion of
THE SNOWSTORM
By
Alexander Pushkin

BOURMIN found Maria Gavrilovna near the pond, under a willow-tree, with a book in her hands and in a white dress; a veritable heroine of romance.

After the first few questions and observations, Maria Gavrilovna purposely allowed the conversation to drop, thereby increasing their mutual embarrassment, from which there was no possible way of escape except only by sudden and decisive declaration.

Maria Gavrilovna closed her book and cast down her eyes, as a sign of compliance with his request.

"I love you," said Bourmin; "I love you passionately..."

Maria Gavrilovna blushed and lowered her head still more. "I have acted imprudently in accustoming myself to the sweet pleasure of seeing

and hearing you daily. But it is now too late to resist my fate; the remembrance of you, your dear incomparable image, will henceforth be the torment and consolation of my life, but there still remains a grave duty for me to perform—to reveal to you a terrible secret which will place between us an insurmountable barrier..."

"That barrier has always existed," interrupted Maria Gavrilovna hastily; "I could never be your wife."

"I know," replied he calmly. "I know that you once loved, but death and three years of mourning... Dear, kind, Maria Gavrilovna, do not try to deprive me of my last consolation: the thought that you would have consented to make me happy, if—"

"Don't speak, for Heaven's sake, don't speak. You torture me."

"Yes, I know, I feel that you would have been mine, but—I am the most miserable creature under the sun—I am already married!"

Maria Gavrilovna looked at him in astonishment.

"I am already married," continued Bourmin; "I have been married four years, and I do not know who is my wife, or where she is, or whether I shall ever see her again!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Maria Gavrilovna. "How very strange! Continue: I will relate to you afterwards. But continue, I beg of you."

"At the beginning of the year 1812," said Bourmin. "I was hastening to Vilna, where my regiment was stationed. Arriving late one evening at one of the post-stations, I ordered the horses to be got ready as quickly as possible, when suddenly a terrible snowstorm came on, and the post-master and drivers advised me to wait till it had passed over. I followed their advice, but an unaccountable uneasiness took possession of me; it seemed as if someone were pushing me forward."

"Meanwhile, the snowstorm did not subside; I could endure it no longer, and, again ordering out the horses, I started off in the midst of the storm. The driver conceived the idea of following the course of the river, which would shorten our journey by three versts. The banks were covered with snow; the driver drove past the place where we should have come out upon the road, and so we

found ourselves in an unknown part of the country. . . .

"The storm did not cease. I saw a light in the distance, and I ordered the driver to proceed towards it. We reached a village; in the wooden church there was a light. The church was open. Outside the railings stood several sledges, and people were passing in and out through the porch."

"This way! This way!" cried several voices.

"I ordered the driver to proceed."

"In the name of Heaven, where have you been loitering?" said somebody to me.

"The bride has fainted away; the pope does not know what to do, and we were just getting ready to go back. Get out as quickly as you can."

"I got out of the sledge without saying a word, and went into the church, which was feebly lit up by two or three tapers. A young girl was sitting on a bench in a dark corner of the church; another girl was rubbing her temples."

"Thank God!" said the latter, "you have come at last. You have almost killed the young lady."

"The old priest advanced towards me and said:

"Do you wish me to begin?"

"Begin, begin, father," replied I, absently.

"The young girl was raised up. She seemed to me not at all bad-looking. . . . Impelled by an incomprehensible, unpardonable levity, I placed myself by her side in front of the pulpit; the priest hurried on;

three men and a chambermaid supported the bride and only occupied themselves with her. We were married.

"Kiss each other!" said the witnesses to us.

"My wife turned her pale face towards me. I was about to kiss her when she exclaimed 'Oh, it is not he! It is not he!' and fell senseless."

"The witnesses gazed at me in alarm. I turned round and left the church without the least hindrance, flung myself into the *khotka* and cried, 'Drive off!'"

"My God!" exclaimed Maria Gavrilovna. "And you do not know what became of your poor wife?"

"I do not know," replied Bourmin, "neither do I know the name of the village where I was married, nor the post-

station where I set out from. At that time I attached so little importance to my wicked prank that on leaving the church I fell asleep, and did not awake till the next morning after reaching the third station. The servant, who was then with me, died during the campaign, so that I have no hope of ever discovering the woman upon whom I played such a cruel joke, and who is now so cruelly avenged."

"My God! My God!" cried Maria Gavrilovna, seizing him by the hand. "Then it was you! And you do not recognise me?"

Bourmin turned pale—and threw himself at her feet.

THE END.

QUIZ for today

1. How many pounds are there in one clove of wool?
2. What is the length of the Goodwood Cup racecourse?
3. What is the common name of magnesium sulphate?
4. How far can you see from a height of 500 feet?
5. Which is more digestible, pork or mutton?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sandstone, Limestone, Granite, Slate, Chalk.

Answers to Quiz in No. 693

1. 36 pounds.
2. 2½ miles (2.634 miles).
3. Common salt.
4. 13½ miles.
5. Pork.
6. Pine is a softwood (and an evergreen, coniferous tree); others are hardwoods (and deciduous trees).

The Things People Do

YOU don't have to be lucky with the horses or go into big business to make money. All you have to do is to sit down in your spare time and knock off a song hit. A little thing like, say, "There'll Always Be An England."

Hugh Charles and Ross Porter, who wrote that, have already collected well over £10,000. And it's still going strong.

And that simple little ditty "Roll Out the Barrel"—something like £20,000 is awaiting the pleasure of two Czechs (present whereabouts unknown) who made it up.

It's money for jam.

MR. Henry Trimnell, of Rhwinina, near Cardiff, is a faith healer—but an unusual kind. He doesn't visit his patients: and they don't go to see him.

He carries out his diagnosis and makes his cures at a distance, and, according to an interview, he has had some striking successes.

Often, patients do not know that Mr. Trimnell has been consulted by relatives or friends. They are cured, unawares.

He has just been left £500 by a Cardiff business man who had satisfied himself that the faith-healing worked.

PARATROOPER S. Sutton, of Gillingham, Kent, came home hungry from a German prison camp.

It did the family good to see him mop up nine eggs and seven rashers of bacon at his first meal.

THIS man brewed beer in his spare time—Captain Miles Arrundell, of Mansunt Road, Bexley, Kent. And it was the most popular hobby the men of the 14th Army had ever come across.

Before he went out to serve with the Suffolk Regiment in Burma, Capt. Arrundell was second brewer at a Royston (Herts) brewery.

When he got out East he noticed, being observant, that the boys liked beer. And there wasn't nearly enough of it. So he got cracking.

Within a short time he was rolling out a barrel a day for the troops—all in his time "off." And it was beer—a bit cloudy, perhaps, but that couldn't be helped. Anyway, the Army lads made no complaints.

The only thing they worried about was whether he would be repatriated before them.

BEELZEBUB JONES



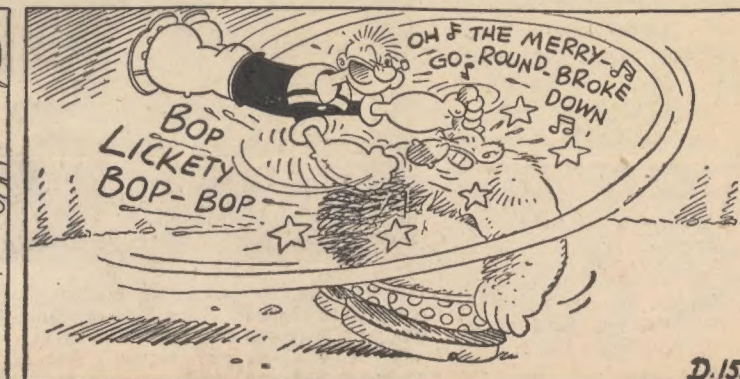
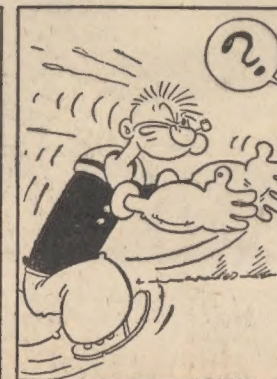
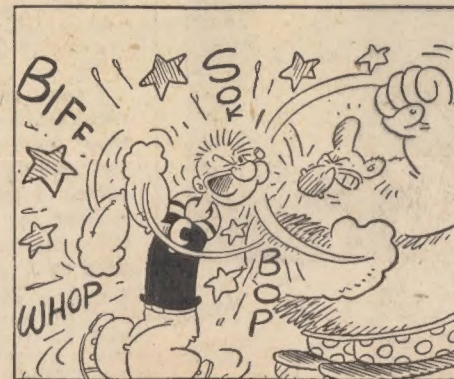
MEANWHILE DIMES DUCKET AND PIEFACE PORVIS ARE TRYING DESPERATELY TO OPEN THE SAFE... SO FAR ALL METHODS OF PERSUASION HAVE FAILED!



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 634

- 1. Behead a way over a fence and get a slab of baked clay.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Angtosewoaveigats!
- 3. What common word has PACI for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He is always down — lifting his —, and is seldom sober.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 633

- 1. B(r)ead.
- 2. Harry ran round the corner in a terrible hurry.
- 3. AddITIon.
- 4. Belated, bleated.

JANE

The Trail Father Blazed

HAVE you noticed how, in all walks of life, sons are following father and making names for themselves? Just think for a moment—you're sure to bring to mind some son of a famous father who has become a personality in his own right. . . .

On the stage many a son, brought up by a famous father, has shaped a great career for himself. Remember Harry Tate, with his heavy moustache, slick line of talk, and amazingly funny sketches, who delighted music hall audiences all over the world? Harry died a year ago—but his son, Harry Tate, Jr., is keeping the Tate tradition going, putting on his dad's sketches and, in fact, looking and acting very much like the famous comedian. While he keeps going his famous father will never be forgotten. The same applies to Fred Kitchen, Jr., son of another

well-known comic, George Formby, whose father helped bring out the qualities of the great film star, George Formby the Second. . . .

All these men might, because of their ability, have made the grade if they had been anything but the son of a star. But there can be no doubt that the art was in their blood and needed little encouragement. . . .

"He's a born comedian," is a favourite expression used by people when they see Max Wall on the stage. They're right, too, for he is the son of a comedian, Jack Lorimer, well-known Scottish comedian. His real name is Maxwell Lorimer—but rather than live on his father's reputation Lorimer, Jr., cut in two his Christian name and became Max Wall, one of our big post-war comedian "hopes." . . .

SPORTSMEN ALL. On the screen we have seen

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Noah Beery, Jr., Lon Chaney, Jr., and several other sons of distinguished actors, showing that quality which made their fathers known to all audiences all over the world. . . .

The sporting world, too, has during the past few years seen the sons of well-known fathers following in their footsteps. . . .

Recently Jack Harris, the Wolves and Chelsea centre-half, was selected to play at centre-half for Scotland against England. . . .

His father, Neil Harris, of Newcastle once filled the same position. . . .

G. FRANK FORBES.

- Solution to Puzzle in No. 693.
- 1. j a M b s
 - 2. n e E d y
 - 3. s p A w n s
 - 4. o a S i s
 - 5. w a L t z
 - 6. f l E c k
 - 7. e s S a y

THINGS TO COME

SAILORS, some of you say you want good short fiction. We've got it And you'll get it. You can't stop us giving it to you, and we hope you won't want us to stop. We've got for you high spots snatched from the pens of Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Captain Marryat, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Hajji Baba and others, including Robinson Crusoe, back from his island. Man Friday may come in too, but he was a cannibal and wanted to eat the staff, so we chained him to a desk where he drinks ink

VERY HOT AIR

YET another post-war project—one by de Havilland, is released. Called the D.H. Dove, it is an eight-seater feeder liner passenger plane. Has strong family resemblance to D.H. Mosquito, and is an all-de Havilland job, having all components, aircraft, motors, airscrews, made by parent firm. Sounds good!

JAPANESE Overseas Radio Service is still trying to impress the world. Nearly every week, a new type of fighter, "greatly superior to any of the enemy's," is announced. Jap A.R.P. system broadcasts warnings during approach of U.S. bombers. Japs say that U.S. planes are faster, their own more manoeuvrable. Strangely enough, this is correct.

NORTH American P-51 Mustang single-seater fighters are being built in Australia, and a considerable number of these have already been in action. Ten P-51's, first of a batch of 50, ordered by the Swedish Government, arrived at Bromma Airfield, near Sweden's capital, on April 10th. Fifteen instructors went with them.

A RECORD flight of 2,483 miles in 8 hours 50 minutes, has been achieved by an R.A.F. Photo Reconnaissance Mosquito of Eastern Air Command.

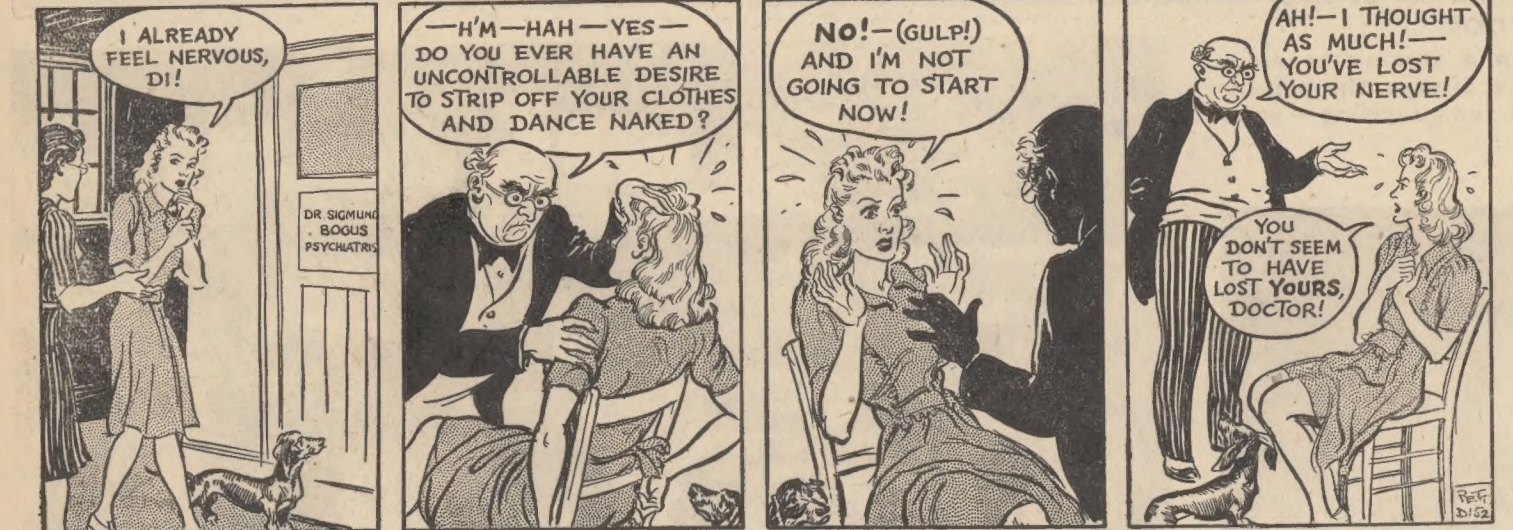
CROSS-WORD CORNER

CLEF SKIMPS
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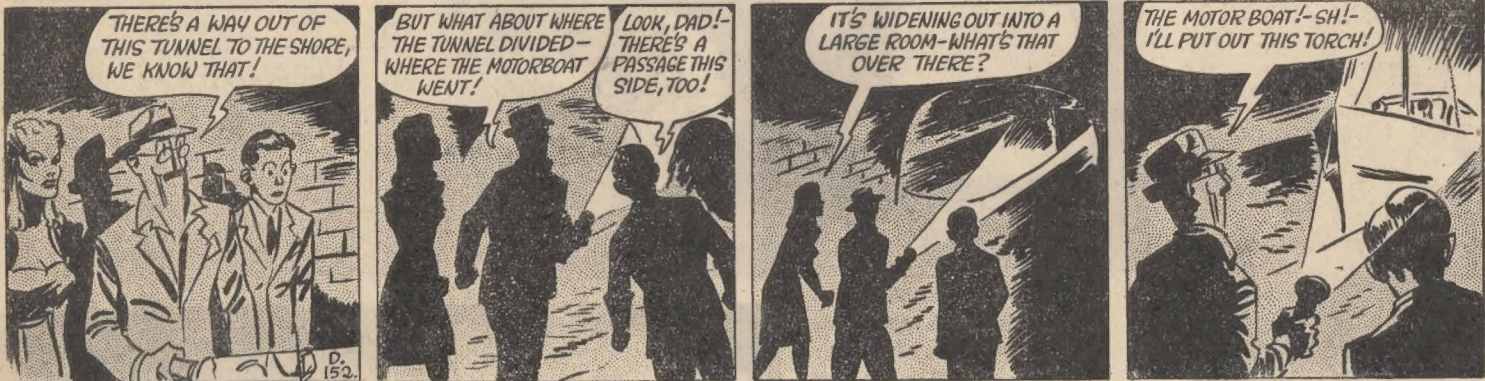
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CLUES ACROSS.—1 Travels downhill. 6 Laugh. 10 Ship's frame. 11 Boy's name. 12 Harmonize. 13 Habit. 14 Poke. 15 Refer. 17 Cricket. 19 Penetrate. 21 Consumed. 24 Fuel. 26 Settle. 29 Spoil. 32 W. Indies Republic. 33 Sharp pain. 34 Co. Kerry town. 35 Highest point. 36 Exchange for cash. 37 Recharge.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Fellow. 2 Raced. 3 Choir member. 4 Mud. 5 Vapour. 6 Loud cry. 7 Quantity. 8 Manual worker. 9 Behind. 16 Vegetable. 18 Curve. 19 Enforces. 20 Of a set of people. 22 Length of wire. 23 Riddle. 25 Aquatic animal. 27 Entice. 28 Vex. 30 Exceptionally. 31 Require.



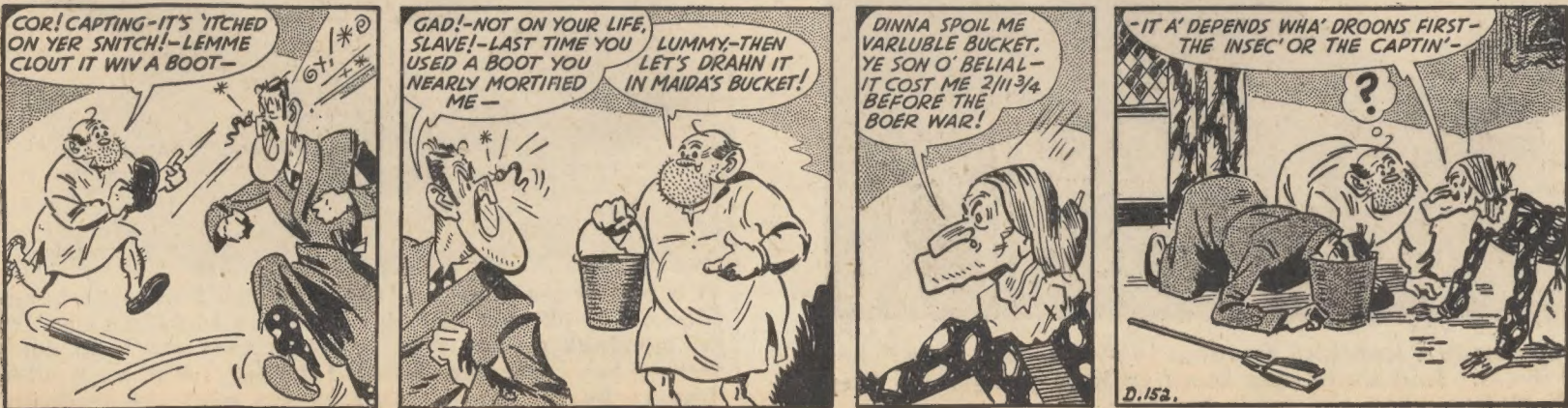
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE





STORM OVER THE MOOR.

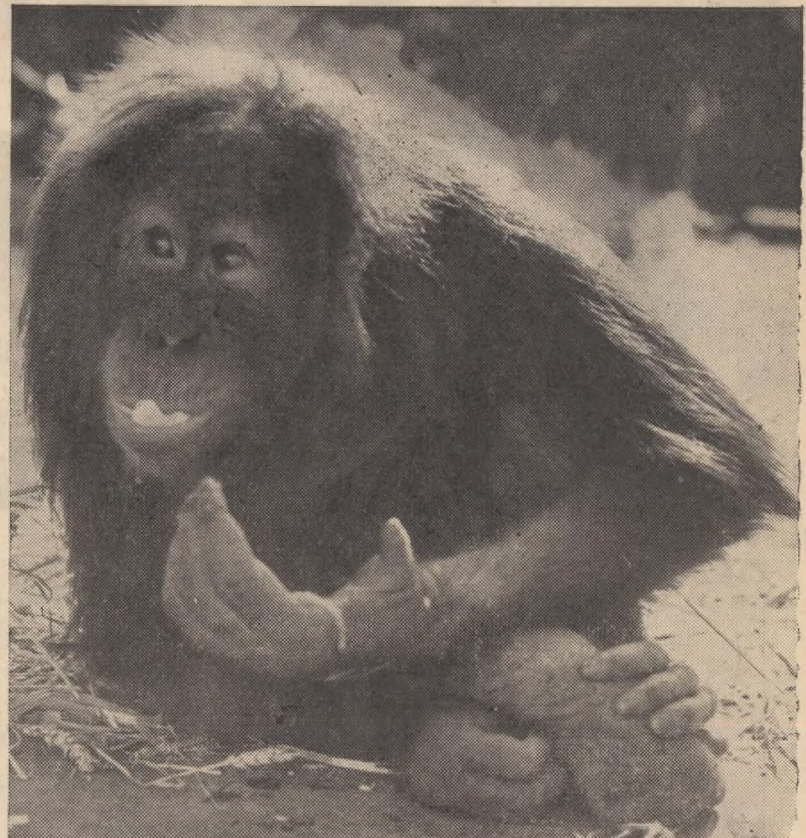
It's Dartmoor, taken from Brenton, on a stormy evening. Some people think that Dartmoor means, always, the prison, but it doesn't. All the same, it doesn't look inviting — on a stormy evening.



You remember how Ella Raines made a leap into stardom in "Phantom Lady," (her second picture?) Well, here she is. And those eyes seem to hold you just as they held the Big Noises when she made her leap.



Twenty-two years ago — just about the time we opened our eyes in this maggoty world — we saw this. It was on the road to the Derby, and the water splash (just to keep you from guessing) was at Ewell. And the nigger coachman said, "It's two to one on the hoss."



If it wasn't that she is a lady, we'd tell Mary, the London Zoo orang-outang, that this is no way to eat an egg. But by the look on her face, it seems that she is in doubts herself about the hen that laid the egg. And we wouldn't like to be the hen if Mary agrees with the traditional curate.